Pet. Oh ho intreate her, nay then she must needes come.
Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: Now where's my wife?
Bion. She sayes you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vild, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina.*
Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?
Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremacie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And shew more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katerine

Katerine, that Cap of yours beco
Off with that bable, throw it vnd
Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a
Till I be brought to such a sillie p
Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie e
Luc. I would your dutie were
The wisdome of your dutie faire
Hath cost me fiue hundred crown
Bian. The more foole you for l
Pet. Katherine I charge thee
what dutie they doe owe their Lor
Wid. Come, come, your moc
Pet. Come on I say, and first be
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall, and first beg
Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threa
And dart not scornefull glances fr
To wound thy Lord, thy King, t
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bi
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewin
And in no sence is meete or amiabl
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine
Muddie, ill seeming thicke, bereft
And while it is so, none so drie or t
Will daigne to sip, or touch one d
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: one that
And for thy maintenance. Commi
To painfull labour, both by sea and
To watch the night in stormes, the
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, s
And craues no other tribute at thy
But loue, fare lookes, and true obed
Too little payment for so great a de
Such dutie as the subiect owes the
Euen such a woman oweth to her hu
And when she is froward, peeuish, s
And not obedient to his honest will:
What is she but a foule contending

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND